



A SOJOURN IN DIXIE.

What an Illinois Boy Experienced in Rebel Prisons.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Thinking, perhaps, my experience as a prisoner of war might be interesting, I submit it. I was captured Dec. 18, 1862, and at once sent to Atlanta, Ga., where I found several of our wounded prisoners from the field of Chickamauga, and among the number a girl of medium stature by the name of Frank Miller, Co. G, 90th Ill. After a short sojourn in this camp I was assigned to duty in what was termed the hospital, where several of our boys were in a sad plight for want of proper treatment. One of the number having died during the night, I was instructed to place the remains, after removing the underclothing, in a box for interment.



FRANK MILLER.

The order to bury in accordance with my ideas of proper treatment, I refused to obey, which so excited the officer in charge of the prison that he ordered my rations stopped. Experience soon convinced me that the demands of nature were stronger than of conscience. Hunger soon caused me to relent, and the underclothing was removed. I was afterwards informed that the rebels appropriated these garments to use in their own hospitals.

My stay in Atlanta was brief, owing to the rumors in circulation relative to a general exchange going on at Richmond. As soon as it was possible I had my name enrolled to go for exchange.

I omitted to state that during my stay at Atlanta there was a special exchange, and among the number who were included was the girl referred to—Frank Miller, as she was called. She was a complete Yankee uniformed. On leaving Atlanta we were crowded into box cars 30 to a car, and started for the seat of exchange, Richmond. After arriving in the capital we were at once conducted to Pemberton Prison, and counted in 300 to each floor.

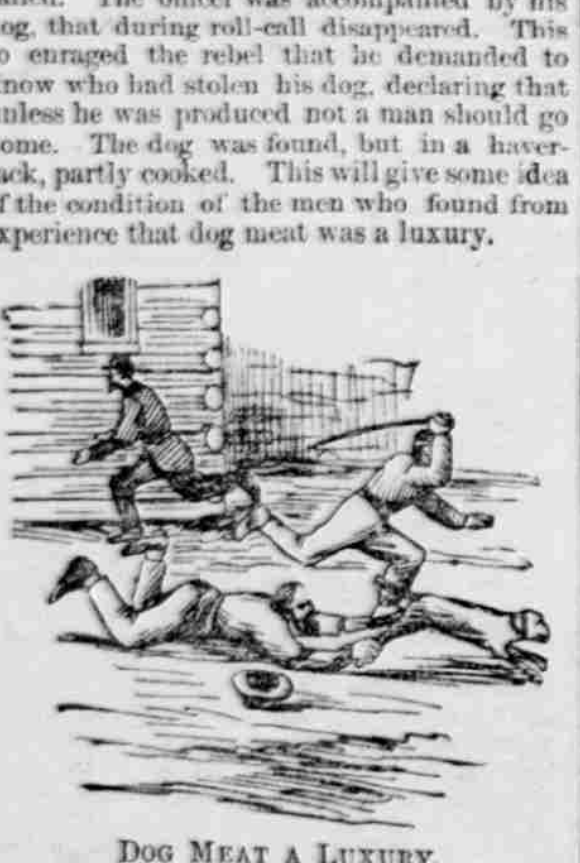


A FIT SUBJECT FOR THE DOCTOR.

We remained in this crowded condition for several days, when the long-expected order for exchange arrived, and with happy hearts we went forth to Belle Isle.

We had not been on the island long when the report was circulated that the sick from the hospital were being exchanged. A member of my company, Charles Godfrey, got the idea that if he could get into the hospital he could run the gauntlet. I made a good-sized pill of hard soap, and he swallowed the dose. In about an hour he was a fit subject for the doctor, and with the aid of three or four of the boys he was conveyed outside. It so happened that the doctor examined him, and he was at once put on the exchange list, and within two hours was on his way to our lines.

About this time the officers in charge entered the inclosure, and called the roll of a list of prisoners from some special command. We were informed that there was to be a special exchange of those whose names were called. The officer was accompanied by his dog, that during roll-call disappeared. This so enraged the rebel that he demanded to know who had stolen his dog, declaring that unless he was produced, not a man should go home. The dog was found, at last, in a hovel, half dead, partly cooked. This will give some idea of the condition of the men who found from experience that dog meat was a luxury.



DOG MEAT A LUXURY.

The camp became somewhat excited one day by the firing of artillery and small arms. We could not see the parties engaged, there being a range of hills or highland in the direction of the firing. Everybody from the city of Richmond seemed to be heading toward the hills.

A battery was soon placed in position commanding the island, all of which convinced the boys that a portion of the Yankees were engaging the rebels not far from the city. I was afterwards informed by some prisoners who were brought in that a raid had been

made by our cavalry upon the fortifications surrounding the city.

After taking our departure from the island we were again crowded into the close quarters of Scott's Prison, in the city, preparatory to another "exchange," which proved to be Andersonville. Here for seven weary months we enjoyed the hospitality of that noted landlord, Capt. Wirz, and others.

The horrors of that prison camp are indelibly stamped upon the minds of the survivors, and the very Government were served has failed to recognize us as subjects for her protection. It may be that she is right; so many of them were so disfigured, that even the mothers who bore them were scarcely able to recognize their offspring. It was while in this prison that I came to the conclusion that I was determined to fight it out, and defy the prison authorities to carry me from that stockade yet foremost, as we termed it. Even though I had been reduced in weight from 140 to 30 pounds, I still had some nerve left. I had made out the roll for our 90 to two or three occasions, and in due time an order came to our squad to go to extra duty outside at headquarters, for which I was to have the liberty of the camp, and extra rations, by taking the oath. My answer was brief—I was not there to do that kind of business.

I remained in the stockade, and began by due time by exchanging cornbread for salt, and while on the market in this capacity, after a dull day's work, not having sold my goods, I was accosted in what to me sounded like a familiar voice, and on turning to see who the person might be, I stood face to face with my own brother. When he described my feelings on that occasion? After but few words I asked if he had anything to eat yet, that being the second day in camp, and was told that he had not. That settled the cornbread business for that day, and I would have been the first to see that cornbread disappear.

NAT. MULLIN, Co. H, 10th Ill.

GRAND SKEDADDLE.

A Race on Bolivar Heights in Which the Johnnies did not Catch up.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I wish to tell something about the skeddaddle on Bolivar Heights in 1864. We were stationed there on July 4, 1864, and could hear the sound of cannon near Martinsburg, Va., and could see the dust rise in clouds where the engagement was going on.

We soon got word that it was Col. McAllister with a brigade trying to keep Early's whole command at bay, and did it until after dark, when he retreated.

We were not ordered to the front that day, and at night had not on strong pickets, so we were of three detailed to patrol outside our pickets and toward the rebel pickets, so we would not be surprised in the night. That morning when we made our last trip out toward the rebel lines, we came back to nearly our own pickets. Miller, as he was called, was growing just inside the fence along the road. We there dismounted to get some nice, ripe cherries. When I got what I wanted I jumped in the saddle and yelled, "The rebels are coming!"

Well, to see those two fellows drop out of the cherry tree and falling across the fence. They got to their feet quick. When they got out on the road they could see no rebels, but I was lying across the saddle laughing at their discomfiture.

We were soon ordered to camp, and when in sight of it an order "Double-quick; fall into line" sounded in our ears. We marched past our breakfast, and it all ready, but could not get even to our tents, which we never saw again. We marched up the road to Bolivar Heights. Just on the summit we received a volley from the rebels, which sent us sprawling on the ground. We were ordered to dismount, one man to hold four horses, the others to get behind the breastworks, and we kept up the firing lively for a while. Some mounted infantry or cavalry of the rebels were coming up along the Shenandoah, apparently to get in our rear. Co. B was ordered to the left to keep them back. We got so interested that we did not notice what was going on on our right. But as I turned around to fall back to load, as we had been doing all through, I saw to our right rebels. They were in hundreds within a hundred yards of us.

We all started to run, the rebels in advance diving at us with their bayonets. We had the advantage, for we were on horseback and the rebels afoot. Only one man got struck with a bullet, and that was the point of his rifle, but it broke it and bent his scabbard and brought his horse to his knees.

As soon as we got out of danger we ran right past an officer getting his men in order for a retreat. Seeing us he cried out: "Go, B, fall into line!"

The sergeant answered: "Go to—follow me, Co. B. I am in charge of this company!"

Well, we got out of a dangerous position in the rear. On the retreat we got to Harper's Ferry, and assisted in getting property and citizens across to the Maryland side. When all was across we saw the pontoon bridge that spanned the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, on the Virginia side. That ended the skeddaddle.—DANIEL McKISLEY, Canisteo, N. Y.

MEMORIES OF SHERIDAN.

A Comrade Who Fought with Him Does Him Honor.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Gen. Sheridan was assigned to the command of a division in September, 1862, and commanded it in the battle of Perryville, Oct. 8, 1862; at Stone River, December, 1862, and in all the battles and campaigns of the Army of the Cumberland till the Spring of 1864, when Gen. Grant called him in to the East.

It was Rosecrank's scattered command that rallied on Sheridan at Stone River, and thus formed a force, controlled by Sheridan's master mind, which could not be driven by the repeated attacks of Bragg.

The soldiers who did the fighting at Stone River will tell you that Rosecrank had little to do with the success of that battle. In those days Sheridan was a man of few words.

After the battle of Stone River, and he was recalled to the Major-General of Volunteers, the officer of his division presented him with a wine-cup.

Col. Frank Sherman, of the 88th Ill., made the presentation speech. We were looking for a fine speech in reply. This is it: "Boys, I tip you, you who put that extra star here (pointing to his shoulder). I thank you." Then his emotions got the better of him, and he heard no more of him for the day.

Sheridan had always some very emphatic adjectives in his command. They were peculiar to him. Had another person used the same words they would have been meaningless. I belonged to what was known as the "Precher regiment." With us it was for a long time considered a great disgrace to use profane language. After we had been in the field several months our Colonel (a preacher) announced at mass that he had come to the conclusion that a command to get what justly belonged to it should have a man swearing man at least, and that man should be the Quartermaster.

Now, Gen. Sheridan's profanity was not a necessity, as his Quartermaster was not a swearing man, and the General never allowed his command to lack any of the necessities or even luxuries of a soldier's life in the field.—EUGEN L. PATTER, 73d Ill.

STORY OF THE ARIZONA.

How She Carried Despatches to Admiral Farragut.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I wonder how many of your readers have heard the story of the trips of the gunboat Arizona, of the West Gulf blockading squadron?

In the Spring of 1862 the Arizona came out from Philadelphia to New Orleans to join the West Gulf blockading squadron. She was short-handed, and this was just after the battle of Fort Hudson, La., and the loss of ship-of-war Mississippi at that place. So those that were left of the Mississippi crew went to make up the crew of the Arizona, and she was selected to carry the mail and despatches to Admiral Farragut, then lying at the mouth of the Red River. D. P. Up-ton was her commander.

From New Orleans to the mouth of the Red River by way of the Mississippi was but 175 miles. By that route there was the rebel steamboat blockade. Hence the round-about way the Arizona took.

With the orders and despatches on board we weighed anchor and steamed up the river a short distance, about ship and came down under full head of steam, dipped our colors to the fleet, and was headed for the Gulf.

In due time we went out of the Southwest pass of the Mississippi into the Gulf, and shaped our course for Burrier's Bay. We arrived at Brazos City to coal ship and get everything in fighting trim.

About the 1st of April, 1862, we sailed from Brazos City, and headed to Grand Lake; at that time the troops under Gen. Banks were marching toward Franklin, La. The first night we anchored at Indian Head, a high bank on the southwest shore of Grand Lake, and at daylight the next morning we sailed for the next day we were in a black object about 10 miles out on the lake. Our Captain took in the situation, and put the ship in readiness for action. As the day grew brighter we could see we had no little to deal with. Our only chance was to play long ball with our enemy.

After about two hours' firing, as luck would have it, a shot from our 32-pound Parrott gun went into her steam-drum and set the hostile vessel afire. When we saw the steam escaping we put on a full head and went to help her.

She proved to be the ram Queen of the West, taken from Col. Elliott on the Red River sometime before. I saw a paper some time ago by one of the crew of the ram Queen of the West, to the effect that she was nearly burnt on Grand Lake. He did not say that the destruction was caused by the guns of the Arizona.

When we got to the mouth of the Red River we found about 35 or 40 of her crew badly scalded. Of course this sent us back to Brazos City with the prisoners. We left the ram to cool down, to pay her another visit in a few days. We transferred the prisoners to the hospital, and proceeded to carry out our orders.

We again set out on our mission, and the ill-fated ram relieved her of her guns and all that would not burn, and left her at the bottom of Grand Lake.

We took our course for the month of the Atchafalaya River, on the north shore of the lake. At 2 p. m. we saw a small object in sight of Burton, and here we started under full head of steam to run the batteries. We succeeded in gaining the uppermost side and raked them from a point that they were not prepared for.

We captured the guns, destroyed the breastworks, and remained for the night. The next day we started again, and about 1 p. m. came to the plantation of the late Capt. Semmes, of the Alabama, and helped ourselves to beef and sheep at his expense. This place is a short distance below the town of Simmesport.

Bringing late we now got under way, and after passing Semmesport picked up an old man. We asked him if he knew anything of Admiral Farragut. He said he did not, but did know that "his men were hell on sheep." We put him on shore.

Soon we were ordered on to our destination. The Admiral had a picket-boat out to watch for the rams Webb and Queen of the West, not knowing that we had destroyed the latter on Grand Lake. The picket-boat was to send up two rockets for an enemy; and went up the two rockets; so the picket-boat lay still. We did not know that the two rockets was a signal for an enemy, kept under a full head of steam down the river, and shot around a point of land into the troubled waters of the Mississippi. Behind this point the Hartford and Albatross were waiting for our enemy. We heard the sudden beat to quarters, and realized that we were in danger of a broadside; but in a moment came a hail from Old Farragut himself, and all was well.

G. H. SUTTON, Sec and Fox Agency, Oklahoma.

FOUGHT IT OUT.

Hazen's Brigade Did Noble Work at Chickamauga.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I wish to say something about our brigade (Hazen's) at Chickamauga. Early in the morning of Sept. 20, 1863, while the fog was yet thick and heavy, our brigade skirmish-line captured from the rebels a wagonload of small ammunition, which was immediately turned over to us and seemed very much to encourage us, for they made five desperate charges on our front, once having four reserve lines closely following the charging column. All of these were repelled.

Soon we were ordered to our destination in our brigade, the 124th Ohio, Col. Ordway. At first our eyes were turned on when they took their place in the front line that morning, and heard Ordway's words of encouragement. I would only say that the largest third of that regiment rest on Chickamauga's field. About 3 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon our brigade was detailed to retake a ridge to our right and rear. We formed in hollow square. The battery commanded by Capt. Bierce moved up on our left. The one on our right was the 4th Ohio. The charge was made, the hill taken, peace and quiet were restored, and we went back to our old position.

When we reached our old position a change had been made in the lines, so that our brigade did not fill the gap. The enemy, discovering this breach, made an attempt to flank us there, which caused us to change direction, moving us perhaps 50 or 100 yards from our position. This new position we held.

Finally, with the coming of night, came other changes. Firing on our front died out. We were ordered to move as far as possible. How much of our brigade took part in this move I am unable to tell. We went up the same ridge we had helped to capture in the afternoon, and when we reached the top were ordered to lie down.

While we were discovered that one or two Union regiments had succeeded in our front. We were ordered to hold our fire till signaled, then to do our best. Soon an officer made his appearance in our front, demanding Col. Sumner's surrender. The Colonel immediately gave the order to fire. This was the last shot fired on the field.—A. DORRICK, Co. H, 9th Ind., Hazen's Brigade, Crittenden's Corps.

Who Was He?

W. C. King, Corporal, Co. B, 125th Ill., Parsons, Kan., says he belonged to a command for three years that never had occasion to turn its back to the foe—the Third Brigade, Second Division, Fourteenth Corps. There will live forever the names of Dan McCook and Jeff C. Davis. We did not retreat at Kenesaw Mountain, but stayed there. Of the comrades of my own regiment 47 were wounded, 57 killed. Tell me who it was that crossed our works on the evening of July 2, near Co. I, dressed in Federal uniform, carrying a tin-pail. Who remembers the circumstances of that period—let Co. I, later the 1st Conn. H. A. But I did not join the regiment till June 10, 1861.

A Queer Record.

George F. Elliott, Hartford, Conn., says he served three years in the first company worn in for service of that period—let Co. I, later the 1st Conn. H. A. But I did not join the regiment till June 10, 1861.

PICKET SHOTS.



Gen. Grant Was Kind.

C. W. Colby, Co. G, 67th Ill., Butler, Ill., writes: "Early in April, 1863, while lying at Milliken's Bend, La., there was an order issued to our regiment for a guard for the General Headquarters for an indefinite period. I, as Sergeant, was ordered to pick my men. As many of the boys were tired I could not get all I wanted."

"One whom I took, although a good soldier in most things, could not govern his appetite, and which often got him into trouble. When we arrived at Headquarters it was raining, and as we had nothing but shelter-tents the General told me to take the fly off of the commissary tent and put it up for the boys."

"At that time the General's son, Fred, I believe, was there, a boy of about 10 years. He was dressed in uniform like his father. He had a handsome, and was a constant companion of his father. Every evening we had a game of ball on the lawn in front of Headquarters, and the General would sit on the porch enjoying the sport as much as we did."

"The first day, in stationing the guard, it fell to the lot of the man with an appetite to be posted at the commissary tent. When the Grand Rounds came with relief in the small hours of the night he was lying helplessly with his gun and a demijohn by his side. Of course I took in the situation at a glance, and put him inside my shirt, and the break of day the General came out on the porch. I approached him, and after a salute related the whole circumstance, and asked for instructions what to do with him. After studying a minute he asked me if I had reported him to the regiment. I told him no, and he said, 'I will take care of him. I knew anything of it. He then told me to send the man back to the company and say nothing of it, for the temptation should have been kept out of his reach. And now of the five who knew of the affair I am the only one left.'"

A Medal of Honor.

Theodore Herring, Co. K, 1st Wis., Fond du Lac, Wis., writes: "I am at the National Encampment should ask Congress at its next session to pass an act to have medal struck off and presented to every old veteran present with his regiment or company when it sustained a loss in any one battle equal to or greater in percentage than the Light Cavalry of the United States. The cost to the Nation would be very light and the medal highly prized by the veteran and his family. I think this Nation even at this late date ought to remember its heroes with such a medal of honor. The country is in need of it, for Col. Fox in his regimental Losses of the Civil War, 1861-1865, lists that sustained even greater losses than the Light Brigade did at Balaklava."

Time of Disaster.

J. W. Miller, Tiffin, O., writes: "I read with great interest 'To Nashville from the Tennessee,' by Maj. Connelly, 14th Ill. Cav. I was a member of McLaughlin's Squadron, Ohio Volunteer Cavalry. We 72 regiments with the 14th on the Atlanta campaign. It was detailed as an Orderly for Gen. Capron at Resaca, Ga., and continued as such until the fatal Stone Mountain."

"I was with Capt. Wells, 8th Mich. Cav., who was Acting Assistant Adjutant-General to Gen. Capron at the time of the surrender. Accompanied by a Lieutenant we started together to get through the rebel lines. I was shot through the right side, and the Lieutenant through the back. Capt. Wells got through without being wounded. They continued a heavy fight, and I was captured this way until I was captured. I was imprisoned successively at Andersonville, Millen and Savannah."

"I never saw the 14th after that disastrous raid. Gen. Capron and Capt. Wells were always very kind to me. I was entrusted with the duty of carrying of many important messages and orders."

"After the war I wrote Gen. Capron when he was in Washington. He had not forgotten me. He sent me an interesting letter in reply. I would be glad to know what became of Capt. Wells. I have never heard from him since the day I was captured and wounded."

Took Them at Their Word.

C. Banks, Co. H, 1st Ohio, Dover, Kan., writes: "Soon after the Army of the Cumberland had fallen back from Chickamauga and had its lines established a rebel band came out on the enemy's front line and struck us. The 14th Ohio, 'Rebel Mc,' this caused us to start a cheer that was taken up by others and carried on and on until it died away in the distance to our left."

"Our battery, the 5th Ind., thought to make a battery, which would drop a couple of shells over among the musketeers, but only succeeded in changing their tune to 'Try, try again.' This proved more to the battery boys could stand, so they took them at their word. When we heard the band again it was away back in the rear, almost out of hearing, playing 'Dixie.' While we would hear the band occasionally after that, it never came out on the front line again while we were there."

"We were lying at the time at the bridge over Chattanooga Creek on the main road to Chickamauga, and near the old tunnel. We afterwards moved over to the left near Fort Wood. The 5th Ind. battery fired the shot that killed the rebel Gen. Polk on Pine Mountain, Ga.; Capt. or Maj. Simons, of the battery, being killed the next day, June 15, 1864."

N. N. Coons, Chief Engineer, 10th Ill. Monmouth, Ill., writes: "I left the 10th Ill. on Oct. 25, in Gen. Howard's Atlanta Campaign. I saw that the 66th Ill. was credited with the skirmish-line and work at Buzzards' Roost, May 9, 1864. I failed to find the 66th in our Division. I am positive the advance was made on Oct. 25, in the skirmish-line, and on the skirmish-line was the old 66th Ill. I blew the skirmish call all day, and late in the evening the regiment passed through the Gap and struck a snag, as the bugle calls could not move the boys either to the front or left."

Gen. Howard and staff came riding up on the hillside, where I and the commanding officer of the skirmish-line were standing, and ordered the line to move to the front and left, as Gen. Howard wanted to draw the fire from a rebel battery. I understood to go over on the line as there was a hill between us and the line. I got to the skirmish-line, and delivered my message. One of the officers told me to tell Gen. Howard to go to—; that we were as near there as we could get, and returned and reported to Gen. Howard. He said by the hand, 'I never expected to see you. Why don't you tell me the line move? He said, I told him just what was told me. He wanted to know who the officer was. I could not tell him, as there was fog between him and myself, and I couldn't tell him to Gen. Howard, nor that the officer lives in St. Joseph, Mo. I should like to hear from the General, or any of the old 66th boys."

A Queer Record.

George F. Elliott, Hartford, Conn., says he served three years in the first company worn in for service of that period—let Co. I, later the 1st Conn. H. A. But I did not join the regiment till June 10, 1861.

which was more than two weeks after the rest were mustered in, and I was never mustered in, but served my full three years in the place of another soldier who was sworn in, but had been absent five days on a three-days' furlough. I answered to his name at the first two pay-rolls, after which I think my name was regularly entered on the books in Washington. I received my pay, clothing, food, medical care, and bounty all right. I would like to know if any other soldier can show such a record."

He Was Not There.

Charles P. King, 8th Wis., Glenwood, Iowa, writes: "I see in the issue of Aug. 8 reference to the conduct of Capt. Charles P. King, Co. G, 8th Wis. Your correspondent is mistaken in his man, for Capt. King was not at Lake Chickaut, but on the steamboat, suffering from a wound he received on the Red River, and was forbidden by Dr. Murto to leave his cot, as the history of the regiment will show."

A Reminiscence.

W. L. Robinson, East Gloucester, Mass., writes: "Being one of the boys who assisted in carrying that 22,000 stand of arms from the steamboat to the cars on their arrival at Lake Chickaut, I later serving in the 7th Ill., which was for a time in the division commanded by Gen. Sweeney, I was much interested in the service of that officer as related in the issue of Aug. 8."

"But about those guns. As near as I can remember, a steamboat arrived at Alton about daybreak, and the people were aroused by the ringing of church bells and beating of drums. The soldiers stood guard while the citizens carried the guns from the boat to the cars, and they were hurried off to Springfield, and there was considerable rejoicing when the news reached Alton that the guns were safe in the arsenal at that place. I remember distinctly the boat was the regular Alton and St. Louis Packet, commanded by Capt. Mitchell. I think it was considered quite an important event, and rather risky."

"I remember also that the boxes were quite heavy, and I saw a man come out feeling very tired. Perhaps that was one of the boys who can remember doing a little gratuitous work for Uncle Sam before they became soldiers."

Information Wanted.

J. M. Ewing, Adjutant, Post No. 374, G.A.R., Solomon, Kan., wants the present addresses of all or any part of the following named parties: Capt. Frank Mott, Oriskany, N.Y.; Henry Brown, Noah Fister, Clark, N.Y.; Napoleon Henry Dings, or any other members of Co. F, 10th Ky. Cav.

Shipmate Wanted.

William Simmons, 1432 Wharton street, Philadelphia, Pa., wants the name and address of any shipmate of the U. S. S. Lenape who knew Edward Riley on board that vessel in 1864 and 1865.

Where Is the Owner?

Lewis Van Winkle, Keech, Pa., writes: "In your issue of Aug. 8 I saw an article in regard to the finding of a bridge-box placed on the battlefield of Gettysburg, by Wm. J. Osborne, marked 'W. H. Smith, Brooklyn.' I have in my possession a belt with U. S. buckle marked inside with the same name and place, which I picked up at the evacuation of Fort Fisher in 1865, and I would be glad to return same."

He Was a Good Soldier.

Thomas Morgan, Co. K, 96th Ill., Antioch, Cal., writes: "I was a member of the 96th Ill. when Little Tom came to us as a soldier. Up to 1859 I had never been 25 miles from home, for the place I was brought up in was within 25 miles of Galena, Ill. In that year I started across the plains for California, being then 17 years old. About April 15 we made the start. I walked the way to California, arriving there in October, and went to work near Stockton. In March, 1862, I got on the steamship at San Francisco and started for New York. From there I took the cars to Chicago. I arrived home the 8th day of April, 1862. I had a change had taken place. Many of my schoolmates had gone off to the war. I promised the dear old father and mother I would not go if I could help it. That was my object in coming back, to live with the old folks."

"In July my company making up all my friends and schoolmates, even my own school teacher, went up to Warring one afternoon, and there and then my name went on the roll Aug. 4, 1862, for three years. The hardest battle I was ever in was Chickamauga. In that afternoon, Sept. 20, 1863, the regiment lost half the men that were in the fight. I was one of the lucky ones. But the reserves saved Gen. Thomas and the Gap, for they outnumbered us five to one."

"The 96th was in the fight on the side of Lookout Mountain, and the morning after the battle the 96th followed the Rebels up the side of the mountain, and we were left to guard the top. That's how we came to see the battle of Missionary Ridge. Where the regiment went Little Tom was there; and since I am growing old and can't work, and ask a little help from the Government, they want to wait till I am dead before they grant the old soldier a pension."

CALLS UP MEMORIES.

The Ezra Chapel Story Reminds a Comrade of His Experience.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Reading the article of Col. George W. Mo. in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of Aug. 1, I was very much interested, because I was also in line doing duty on that occasion. I was a member of Co. K, 76th Ohio, First Brigade, First Division, Fifteenth Corps; Charles R. Wood commanding First Division, and Brevet Gen. Wm. Wood commanding First Brigade.

I very much like Col. Gage's description of Ezra Chapel. My recollection of that day's battle is our noble Fifteenth Corps repulsed seven assaults on that day. I remember seeing Gen. Logan on the line in the heat of the battle, his long black hair waving back by the air as he would rapidly pass."

I as to our works, the boys even took benches out of the chapel to make barricades. Our position was about 20 yards from the chapel. The 12th Ohio, the 12th Ind. and 27th Mo. (Col. Curley) did their share of the work."

When the 12th Ind., 27th Mo. and I, think, 31st Mo. and 76th Ohio were together my recollection is they never turned their backs to the foe. I saw by the aid of a choice location, as to be found in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota, and the Peninsula of Michigan, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R.R. Nearby are located on or near lakes that have not been fished out."

In a few days our regiment was detailed to guard the supply train. The order was not to fire until commanded. A rebel column was about 30 yards from our front when we fired, and the enemy was within 25 yards in several of their assaults, and their assaults were as desperate and determined as I experienced at any time in my three years and eight months' service."

When we left Jonesboro, near Lovejoy, when we were engaged against Old Hood got in our rear a little, so as to interfere with the "cracker line." We were turned back, marched through Marietta and through to Kenesaw Mountain north of Snake Creek Gap, and rested up for the march to the sea.—SAMUEL FITTERS, Co. K, 76th Ohio, Pierce, O.

June, July and August.

The most charming Summer Resorts, in which there are over 2000 acres of choice locations, are to be found in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota, and the Peninsula of Michigan, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R.R. Nearby are located on or near lakes that have not been fished out.

THEIR RECORDS.

Brief Sketches of Some Illinois Light Artillery Organizations.

Artillery Organizations.

The 3d Ill. L. A.

The regiment was organized at Peoria, St. Charles, Cairo, Camp Butler, Springfield, and Camp Douglas, Ill., from Aug. 17, 1861, to June 6, 1862, to serve three years. Capt. Chapman's company, light